

The violence of the storm had at last blown itself out. A pale dawn struggled through the retreating clouds and here and there on St. Lawrence Island a head was thrust out tentatively. Within a few hours life on this little island off the coast between Alaska and Siberia was back to normal. No, not quite normal, for there was an unusual stir of preparation for the return of the missionaries and their baby girl who had been gone on leave ~~of absence~~ for medical treatment.

Eagerly the natives waited even after the ship was long overdue. Then at last came the crushing news. Mr. and Mrs. Vene C. Gambell, The Presbyterian missionaries who had worked for six years on St. Lawrence Island, and their baby girl had been drowned in the terrific storm on the way back to their beloved work.

This happened forty years ago-----

Five Continents, October, 1934

In 1897 baby Margaret was born and was the wonder of the Eskimos. They stood at the windows of the mission home hoping to catch glimpses of her and were curious to know why she did not have the hair shaved from the back of her head as did their children. That same year the little family came back to the States for doctoring and set out on the sailing vessel "Jane Grey from Seattle for a happy return to their beloved island. A hundred miles from shore the vessel was sunk in a violent storm and all three were drowned.

not facts

April 13, 1944
For Missionary Mail

ALASKA'S FLAG

Eight stars of gold on a field of blue -
Alaska's flag. May it mean to you
The blue of the sea, the evening sky,
The Mountain lakes, and the flow'rs nearby;
The gold of the early sourdough's dreams,
The precious gold of the hills and streams;
The brilliant stars in the northern sky,
The "Bear" - the "Dipper" - and, shining high,
The great North Star with its steady light,
Over land and sea a beacon bright.
Alaska's flag - to Alaskans dear,
The simple flag of a last frontier.

Marie Drake

Visitors tell us, after driving about 2000 miles of the Canadian and Alaska Highways north of the 48 states, that we have one of the most beautiful areas of Alaska, with such magnificent mountain scenery, with snow in sight all the year, and many glaciers nearby. We even have a peak we call "Santa Claus mountain", because, reclining on the peak is a profile, complete with a bushy brow and long white beard, that looks like St. Nick. Perhaps we are so concerned with the small tasks of the day that we forget the scenery about us. And since you are visiting us by mail, I know you will see the scenery, but want you to get a more intimate glimpse of Haines House and its family, as it faces Portage Bay, with Santa Claus Peak across the water.

Then hurry up with your breakfast so you are ready to join Alfred and Ervin as they take our herd of cows out to "1 Mile" for the day. Better hurry, or the cows will get ahead and find someone's garden, for we do not have many fences. And don't forget to stop in the kitchen for a cookie, and for your lunch, for we won't be back until 4 o'clock! Better bring a fish pole too! There are some nice streams near the pasture, and Ervin (8 yrs old) still talks of the shining 12 inch trout he caught there this spring! Or maybe you should take a camera instead. There are lots of flowers, and last year a mother moose and her calf wandered toward our cows until "Friskie" started to bark. There might even be time for a nap before you come back to the barn to help Mr. Turner milk. Or maybe you don't want to walk that far!

Then go with Miss Fisher to the garden. The weeds grow about twice as fast as the peas! So don't let them get ahead start! Even pulling weeds can be fun, since you know that there is a picnic this afternoon after you do a good job. Where? Well, down at the beach! Maybe even time to go to the dock and fish. Or even out in the green boat for trolling in the bay. *what kind of fish?*

Oh, I forgot! Today is Wednesday, and time for the Junior Choir to rehearse. If you want to help sing you had better hurry, for there are only 18 chairs in the Junior choir loft, and lots of the town children will be there too. So if you want

a seat, and a choir robe, better hurry. We have learned that there is so much real joy to have a part in the service on Sunday that there isn't room for everyone.

Maybe you would rather go visit the 4-H Club. There is sure to be something you will enjoy! Miss Berg will introduce you. Would you like to join the cooking class, or have a 4-H garden of your own and compete for one of those big prizes? (You might win too, for one hill of 3 potatoes last year grew so big they weighed 7 lbs.) Too much work? Well, then go help Maxie or Billy bring those big calves from their pens! Better hold fast to their ropes too, for they are pretty frisky!

I know that you will want to visit Miss Turner's pre-school children. Maybe it will be story hour. Or maybe they are listening to that new phonograph record you sent! Or maybe they are just alking about that wonderful boat trip to Skagway. Just listen to Patrick: "We saw a real train. I saw a man in the window and he waved at me!" (It was the first train some of them had ever seen, though they see planes and boats every day.) "It made a big black smoke!" Or hear Bennie: "I liked that brown water that tickled my tongue!" (He had his first drink of "coke".) Or maybe it is prayer time: "Thank you God for Haines House where we have food to eat, and a place to stay while mommie gets well!"

Several weeks ago 8 year old Maxine and her younger brother came to stay at Haines House while mother went to the hospital. When mother came to take her home she gave her a big big hug. Then one of her first questions was: "Mother, Sonnie and I learned to pray at Haines House. Can we pray at home too?"

So Haines House continues in its care of children, teaching them how to work, sending them to school, trying to make our home like that of a normal cheerful Christian family, and teaching the love of Jesus Christ as Friend.

-- Haines House Staff

(DAS)

FIRST CLASS MAIL:

Haines House, 1953

We have had an exceedingly busy year! It takes a lot of planning to keep 35 active boys and girls fed and busy, doing school work, household duties, taking part in church activities, playing, and to keep work from being dull! And this year we have had so many extra things to plan for.

First we entertained Presbytery at Haines this spring. Everyone was busy getting our spring housecleaning done. Miss Turner's little folks were as busy as bees trying to help her give their dormitory a coat of paint; Miss Berg's girls each painted their own rooms, (with each other's help); and Miss Fisher's boys painted their rooms, and helped her paint the boys reading room and wash room. Then the staff had a "pa inting" party, and next morning Miss Kennedy's kitchen shone a new bright color. We managed to get the executive cottage finished, and the Schwabs' moved in time to entertain the Moderator of General Assembly as he came to Presbytery and helped in the dedication of the new cottage, named in honor of the first missionary to Haines, the Rev. Eugene S. Willard. What a bysy week we had, with nearly 100 guests in Haines and Klukwan, and with the Haines House family taking care of about 15 of them, and helping otherwise with the transportation for some of the meetings at Klukwan, 22 miles away. But with all the extra work, we received new zeal and inspiration from the leaders of our church work in Alaska.

With the close of school in May came another busy time. There were school parties, a band concert, picnics, prizes, and awards. We were proud of several records that our children won. Then there was the opportunity for many of our boys and girls to go to visit relatives for the summer, and for a privileged few, to be with their parents. So we planned camping activities, and other things, for all who remained so they would have some special interest.

We have a big summer program ahead. Bill's home church sent us a very fine gift—a fine big green tractor, much needed in our farm program. It has already been ~~ex~~ used long hours to plow, clear some of our land of brush, to do some ^{grading} ~~land~~ and landscaping. Several of the staff are helping with a fine 4-H program, and all

of the older Haines House children have projects. You should see how proud Billy and Maxie are to take care of such fine calves, or Alfred is of his chickens, and some of the others are with their gardens. I am sure some of them will win prizes! Last year we grew about 7000 lbs of potatoes on $\frac{1}{4}$ Acre, and also grew a lot of peas, and other vegetables that went into the "deep-freeze" for the winter.

Then we have been busy with the Junior and Senior High Conferences with all of our older children going to one or more camps. One of our newest older girls, who has been with us only six months, and has recently become a Christian, said that she could hardly wait until next year for the next Conference.

Along with our usual household duties we find we have many visitors coming down the Alaska Highway to see Haines and its spectacular mountain scenery. We try to give them a real Alaskan welcome. My, how excited Tommy was, along with the rest of the children, to see the beautiful luxury liner, "Prince George" bring over 200 Presbyterian guests and visitors. He was asked to go aboard the ship and give out some printed material about Haines Mission. "Gee! Miss Fisher," he said, "I didn't know a ship could be so beautiful!"

Several weeks ago 8 year old Maxine and her younger brother came to stay with us for a couple weeks while mother went to the hospital. When mother came back for her she threw her arms around her, and one of her first questions was: "Mother, Sonnie and I learned to pray at Haines House. Can we pray at home, too?" So Haines House continues in its ministry of love to children, teaching and training them, trying to make our home one of a normal cheerful Christian family, and teaching the love of Jesus Christ as Friend and Guide.

We recently received a letter from a former Haines House boy who wrote, in part; "Since I've grown up I've come to realize that 'Haines House' was one of the most important years of my life. It was there that I was taught the full meaning of prayer, and to worship Christ.....I can face life's troubles with a smile, knowing God is always near with a helping hand....."

Missionary Staff of Haines House

(DASchwab)

HOURS AT HAINES HOUSE
(With the 'Little Children')

*how little?
how many?
what kind of room?*

Spend a day with us! We'll have lots of fun - and maybe ice cream cones this afternoon!

My name is Benny. I can't write yet so "Mommy" is helping me - but I do like to talk to new friends. You'll meet my sister Carol who has pretty eyes and hair; Duffy ~~who~~ asks a lot of questions; "Bil-Bil" whose smiles make Mommy smile and laugh, too; David who can lace his shoes and fix his suspenders better than any body; and Patrick who can climb the biggest rocks and trees.

Our day begins when "Mommy" raises the shades with "Good morning" and "Hurry to get dressed for breakfast." Getting dressed is an easy thing but we don't always remember to get the sleep out of our eyes. "Mommy" has inspection though when the last bell rings and when she salutes us like real soldiers we hurry to breakfast.

Then it's clean-up time (you don't have to help with this since you're a visitor) and we spend a lot of time trying to get the wrinkles out of our beds. Pat sleeps on the top of a bunk bed so "Mommy" sometimes helps him. We put away our nighties and our toys - and we're learning to sweep and mop and clean the windows. It's more fun to mop than sweep so we take turns.

Playtime! We like the slide, the swings, the trees - and we like to watch the big boys and girls work in the gardens. Some day we're going to be big boys and girls and work in the gardens and herd the cows. "Mommy" says we're already big boys when we clean our room. Sometimes we go to the barn with "Mommy" to see the three new kittens - one is black, one is gray, and one is yellow. We have a new calf, ~~too~~, that's awfully cute, and lots of chickens and pigeons.

We like to go into "Mommy's" room, too. There are so many things to look at and play with. We like "Daddy's" flashlight and tape measure best, but we have to be very careful with them because "Daddy" needs them to work with. We like "Mommy's"

(more)

*Photo
inclosed.*

girl's name?

*sp different
in other stories*

*to Sam Klee
7/28/53*

pink lotion 'cause it smells good. When we wash ~~our-hands~~"sparkling clean"she puts some into our hands and we rub it all over our faces.

We're very hungry by the time "Mommy" calls us in to get ready for lunch. It's hard to remember to wash all the way to our ears at noontime so we don't usually get lotion then.

At nap time we have a story and then try to be so quiet we fall asleep. That's hard, too, because there are so many things we want to tell each other. After naps it's treat time. Most times we have treats here at Haines House. The other day we had soap berries. They look so pretty and David and Duffy ate two bowlsful, but "Mommy" laughed and said most of us made faces when we got our taste. And they are kinda bitter. Huh, Pat, Carol and "Bil-Bil"? Other times we have candy or cookies.

Some days we visit our friend in the ice cream place. We get to sit on stools almost all the way around the counter. I like raspberry and the others have chocolate whirl, strawberry, and orange pineapple. One time we had some brown water that tickled our tongues (their "Mommy's"note: they had their first taste of coke). We hardly ever have to be reminded to say "Thank you" to our ice cream lady.

We like to ride in "Mommy's and Daddy's" car. And its ours, too, they said. It's green and has so many things to play with inside. We like the little fan and the windshield wipers best of all. When we go for a drive we see pretty flowers and birds and waterfalls along the road. One day we waved at some of our friends as we passed. On days we don't go for a ride we walk along the seashore to the dock. Then we see the boats and pick flowers for "Mommy"and for our room.

Sometimes we get cuts or slivers and "Mommy"puts some good medecine ~~on-our-hurt~~ that doesn't sting on our hurt, and then she puts a band aid on top of the medecine. We like band aids and like to play with the wrappers they come in. I swallowed a little play man the other day and "Mommy" said a band aid wouldn't help so I ate lots of mashed potatoes instead.

(more)

After supper and baths (which are lots of fun) we get our nighties and slippers on before we have our devotionals. Sometimes "Daddy" comes in to play with us after baths and stays to have prayers with us. We sit in a circle and while we're saying our prayers we get to sit in "Mommy's" lap. Last night we asked God specially to help "Daddy's" sore throat to get well. Then we sing church songs and last of all we pray the Lord's Prayer together.

And into bed. "Mommy" tucks us in and then reads us a story. Soon we're all asleep. Thank you for visiting with us. Please come again. Good night!

Benny

(Written by Mrs. Don Creamer -

Summer Worker,

Haines House,

D.S.S.)

Haines House
Haines, Alaska
Owned and operated by
Board of National Missions
of the
Presbyterian Church in the United States of America

Rev. Donald A. Schwab, Director

July 7, 1953

Miss Mildred M. Hermann
"Missionary Mail"
Board of National Missions
156 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Miss Hermann:

I'm inclosing some material as promised, for Missionary Mail. Also some pictures. I'm sorry that I've been so busy that I don't have more up-to-date pictures of the children and activities.

I am inclosing a carbon copy of the Children's write-up for our Annual News Letter, also the material just sent in for First Class Mail. Some of this might be useable if it does not duplicate. Especially the comments by 8 year old Maxine.

*How?
pictures?*

As to stories of individual children: We have one family of 4 of whom we are all proud: The Enright Children. The Enright family live in the Bristol Bay area, where ~~the~~ annual income is earned in about 30 days. The rest of the time is spent in getting equipment and gear ready. It is an isolated area where there are not yet adequate schools. Michael Enright is Irish. Olga Enright is native. (probably part Aleut.) They have 8 children. Four years ago they sent the 3 oldest girls, Nora, Hannah, and Eileen to Haines House so they could go to school. Nora, who was then 13, because of the help her father had been able to give her, was able to enter the ~~3rd~~ grade. She is now 17, and has completed the 7th grade. She is determined to finish Sheldon Jackson School, and go on to college. She has a very fine personality, is very well liked, and was President of the Westminster Fellowship Group at church last year. This summer Nora and Tommy (who joined his sisters here last year) flew back home to see their 3 younger brothers and sisters, and parents. We are all proud of them, and the way they will be able to become worthwhile young people. Possibly sometime someone could develop a story of this, especially when one realizes that the Bristol Bay area is closed to plane service much of the way, and that they must fly from their home in Ugashik, to Naknek Air Base, then on to Anchorage; change planes there and fly to Juneau, then on again to Haines. (total distance, over 1000 miles.) (Probably the only photo of them that I have on hand is unuseable, but I'm sending it anyway.)

*How?
pictures?*

We would greatly appreciate about 50 extra copies of ~~Maxine~~ the issue of Missionary Mail that features "Haines House," and will be glad to pay for them.

Very sincerely yours,

DA Schwab

Haines in S. eastern Alaska where he
sends a letter home
Hobs at Haines House while going to
the town school.

John - Hobs
Haines

Bristol Bay

June

East

Tommy

Fishing and flying are two important
things in ~~the life~~ Tommy's life.
~~if you live in the Bristol Bay area of south-~~
~~western Alaska.~~ He lives in a little
town in the Bristol Bay area of Alaska.

Boat

Fishing came first. His father sails
one of the Sturdy forty-eight footers
of the Salmon fleet. In one or two
months--depending upon the weather
and the run of fish--he must catch
and sell enough Salmon to support
the family through the whole year.

Tommy

from the day he was born. Tommy
heard ~~all~~ ^{well} about boats and fish
and saw the never ending work of
keeping boat and nets in repair.

John
flat

Flying comes when school time comes.
There is no school near home for Tommy
and his sisters, so they fly over 100
miles--from Nalae (the nearest airport
-- miles from home) to Juneau, or

From: Presbyterian Board of National Missions

For: PRESBYTERIAN LIFE

August 12, 1955

In spite of the old saw about selling refrigerators to Alaskans, Haines House, Board of National Missions home in Haines for school-needy children, gratefully welcomed the arrival of a deep freezer this summer. The unit will enable the children's home to store its food within the station rather than in a rented locker at Port Chilkoot, half-mile south. Rhubarb, potatoes, radishes are among the many vegetables grown on the Haines farm. This winter, youngsters will have an new addition to the menu, rabbit. Last term, for the first time, older boys began raising rabbits, a new program designed to increase their income after school days. Lessons in preparing the meat and the pelt came from a summer worker, Larry Ohnsmen, a student volunteer from Ohio.

December, 1957

Snow, and a bright sunshiny day called everyone outdoors on the first day of December. Sled riding and picture taking seemed to have first priority over other occupations and relaxations on this beautiful afternoon. The Cheechak^o staff, were delighted and amused over their long skinny shadows in the noontime sun. It barely seems to clear the mountain peaks, and hang suspended for a few moments before beginning its descent.

It snowed all day, Monday and there was no plane. After supper, Mr. Wiley, the supervisors, and children vied with each other to see who could make the biggest snowballs. Some of these were about six feet in diameter. The steaming hot chocolate served in the staff room was quickly consumed by the red faced, dripping participants of the snowball fights. The snow changed to a warm rain, and almost over-night the giant snowballs disappeared.

Freddy Gallant arrived on the morning plane, Wednesday, December 4th. In the afternoon Mr. Wiley and the older boys hauled out the junk wood from the church, and brought in the first of the newly acquired pews. All during the week, various staff members, and some of the children helped in the re-decorating going on in the Haines Presbyterian Church.

The new community teenage club held it first dance on Friday, December 6th with over fifty young people present. Many of the Haines House teenagers attended the dance, and have been attending the weekly meetings.

On Thursday, December 12th, Haines House was redeemed from being an Alaskan institution with no Eskimos, with the arrival of Mae Akiviana, formerly of Point Barrow, and Jerry Billiken from Nome.

Mrs. Alice Porter, arrived unexpectedly, Monday, December 16th, to see her four children who are here at Haines House. Temporarily, she stayed at the executive cottage.

Tuesday, December 17th was a big day for Clara Williams, a ward of the Board of Juvenile Institutions, who has been staying at Haines House. It was the day of her wedding to Joe King of Klukwan. She was very thrilled over the lovely "bride's window" that Helen's Gift Shop had fixed up for her, and sepecially liked the lovely bride doll named for her, even though it was "blonde, and not black haired like me". Barbara Niethammer and Mrs. Betty Lee Lippincott baked a lovely three-tiered wedding cake, with a bell on top, and white and pink icing. Agnes Jacobs, Shirley Wooden, Mrs. Porter, and Mr. Wiley drove to Klukwan for the wedding. The Reverend Elmer Parker officiated at the simple quiet ceremony, and the bride and groom radiated happiness, as a bride and groom should.

The Susitna arrived on the 18th bringing stacks and stacks of packages, bicycles (which were sneaked into Haines House during the night), bushels and bushels of apples, celery, and carrots.

Practically the entire Haines House family attended the fine school Christmas Program-- Christmas around the World. The highlight of the evening was the lively Jarabe Tapatia danced with pure enjoyment and delight by the kindergartners. Nowhere in all Mexico could it have been danced with more verve, and zest, and gaiety.

On Saturday, the 21st, the older boys went out and cut Christmas trees for everybody who wanted one. The biggest one of all, for the Little Girls' Department, took the concerted pushing, and pulling, and tugging of all the big boys to get it up the stairway and down the narrow hall to the Little Girls' Dormitory. The little girls screeched and danced with excitement, and the big girls yelled directions loudly, while some of the staff stood around the edges unable to look. Miss Niethammer, after Christmas, quietly sawed the branches off and pushed the tree out through the window!

The Haines House family attended the Christmas Music Program at the Haines Church, on Sunday, December 22nd. Many of the children and the staff were members of the choir. After the Christmas Program was over, and the children safely in bed, the members of the staff gathered at the Executive Cottage for the Christmas Party. Mr. Wiley, in a pillow stuffed parka, ho-ho-ed merrily as he passed out the Christmas presents and games. The Philathea group of the Council Bluffs Iowa Church had sent individual gifts to all the staff and children. The "Santa" and Tom Lippincott disappeared, and returned staggering under the weight of an immense carton which, Santa jovially ho-ho-ed was for Miss Craig. Everyone was filled with curiosity, including Miss Craig, until she discovered it was the desk she had ordered two months before, and which had been reported "missing" when the Susitna arrived.

Modeling Christmas objects with clay, playing pick-up sticks, tiddly winks, and jacks on the living room floor next took the staff's attention. Quiet Mrs. Thompson surprised everyone by being the champion tidly wink and pickup sticks player. She and Tom Lippincott went down to ignominious defeat when it came to playing jacks. A great many of the staff had prepared their favorite recipes of cookies, ice cream pumpkin pie, egg nog, and candy, and this was attractively served buffet style. The night came to a close as we paused for a moment of quiet and prayer. The supervisors struggled home through the windy night and drifting snow. Then Mr. Lippincott called a fire drill!

The month was a busy one for all the family. Mountains of packages to be unpacked. Gifts to be chosen and wrapped. Everybody helped bake Christmas cookies, and make Christmas ornaments. The Wileys and the Lippincotts had staff members and children in for dinner at different times. There was much snow, and much rain, and some sunshine. A great deal of time was spent out of doors, coasting, and skating, and having snowball fights. There were wiener roasts up the highway, and at the executive cottage. Craft supplies had come in, and there was much activity in the basement of the executive cottage during the Christmas vacation period.

December 31st, was family night at the local show. Many of the staff and children attended the watchnight service at the Church, where the chimes at midnight signalled the arrival of a new year to the worshippers in the candlelit church.

(s) William D. Wiley

LACK OF PARENTAL CARE MAKES WARDS OF 327 JUVENILES

A total of 680 Alaska juveniles were under supervision of the department of Public Welfare at the start of this year, a commitment survey showed today.

Of these, 327 youngsters were wards of the territory because of a lack of parental care, as defined in the current juvenile code which governs Alaska handling of children either in need of aid or classes as delinquents.

Henry A. Harmon, welfare director, said 57 juveniles classes as law violators were under department supervision at the end of the year.

Delinquent children in institutions included 16 at the Utah State Industrial school at Ogden, and 12 in the House of Good Shepard at Seattle and the Little Flower School at Spokane.

The second greatest number of children -- a total of 119 -- under department care were committed because they had been abandoned. Law violators followed as the third highest total.

Other commitments:

Wayward or havitual disobedient children, 54; orphans, 47; youngsters in need of special care and training, 40; released by parents to the welfare department, 16; habitual truants, 15.

A clipping from a Juneau paper entitled
Attached to February, 1957 report
of Haines House.

WE'RE OFF FOR LAKE BENNETT
Miss Ethel Brinegar and Miss Edith Auldrige

"Jerry, are you awake? Isn't it time for us to get up, so we will be ready to leave on the Princeton-Hall for Lake Bennett?" whispered Rosita that early August morning. "I'm so excited I can hardly wait."

Geraldine, who had been awake for several minutes replied, "There comes Miss Callecod now to awaken us. Let's hurry, get our work done, and be the first ones ready. You don't think it will rain, do you? It looks pretty dark outside."

The two ten year old girls, as well as all the other children at Haines House, did not need to be called twice this morning, for they were all awake and anxious to get started on the long-planned-for and talked-about trip to beautiful Lake Bennett. In fact, since the Fourth of July this had been the main topic of conversation. The children had eagerly awaited the coming of Mr. Prouty and his mission boat, the Princeton-Hall, which would take them to Skagway where they would board the train and take the thrilling steep ride up the narrow gauge railroad to this famous Canadian lake.

Every child this morning did his work rapidly, willingly, and well. No one had to be prodded. When the warning bell rang, Rosita and Jerry ran downstairs to pour the milk, place the buttered toast at the children's places, and put around the steaming cereal which the cook was serving.

This morning everyone was on time, for his bed was made and he was ready to go with shining face and well-combed hair. After the cod liver oil, everyone took his place quietly, said grace, and then sat down to eat breakfast. No one came back for "seconds", for the excitement was too great.

Immediately after breakfast, all the necessary tasks were completed and the boys lined up to see who would be the first to see the Princeton-Hall coming around the bend. Rosita, Jerry, Marilyn, Ida, Mabel, Pauline, and Dorothy, as well as Delbert and Harold, had finished cleaning the dining room and washing and drying the dishes in record time. Just as they finished Jack's voice was heard shouting, "There's the Princeton-Hall coming around the bend. Miss Fisher, I saw it first, I saw it first". By this time all the

other boyish voices had taken up the chant.

Now everything was a hubbub and willing hands helped with the little ones, Cecelia, Lora Ann, Nena, Peter, Walter, Eldon, and Patricia, the little girl who had come to Haines House the night before.

"Miss Callecod," called Rosita, "has the food been taken to the pier? I surely hope we don't forget it, because the meat loaf and the potato salad that Miss Miller and Miss Brinegar were making yesterday afternoon looked very good. So did the sandwiches which they were making. I remember last year that I was nearly starved when it was time to eat. Jerry, there will be apples and Hershey bars, too, for I saw Miss Miller putting them in the box for us."

"All ready, girls?" called Miss Callecod. She, with the girls, and Miss Fisher and Mr. Ward with the boys chattering and running excitedly around them started toward the pier. Little three-year old Peter whose short legs and still sleepy head failed to keep him up with the rest was picked up and carried to the waiting boat.

Everyone quickly boarded the boat, waved goodbye to Miss Miller and Mrs. Fox who had come down to see them off. Then several of the girls crowded around Miss Fell, the Nurse, who was going along with them, as she joined the group. Rev. Mr. Fox then hopped aboard, and Mr. Prouty suggested that everyone go into the cabin while they were getting started. In a minute, the decks were cleared, the anchor raised, the ropes loosed from the posts, and another annual trip to Lake Bennett was started just as the sun peeped out from behind a cloud.

The ride to Skagway was nice for, after the boat got under way, Mr. Prouty stretched a rope across the front of the deck and let the boys and girls go out on deck. They enjoyed this very much for they did not wish to miss a thing.

It took over an hour to get to Skagway and as they neared the dock, Mr. Prouty again suggested that everyone go inside until the boat was securely tied to the float. Away they went, keeping safely inside, until the last rope was tied.

We're Off for Lake Bennett #3

Immediately, there was a mad scramble to leave the boat. Over the rails they went, not waiting their turn at the gate. Miss Callecod, Miss Fisher, Miss Fell and the other "grown-ups" kept close watch of the younger children, Peter, Walter, Cecelia and the others, and when everyone was off the boat, they all raced up the board walk toward town and the train that was to take them to the Lake.

"There's the train," shouted Billy, "I can see the smoke from the engine!"

Patricia, the new girl, had never seen a train before and she stayed close to Miss Callecod's side.

Mr. Dodge, the Presbyterian minister in Skagway, was waiting at the train to see that everyone got aboard.

All the children from Haines House rode in one car. Soon everyone was settled in his or her place, the train whistled, and off they started.

At first every boy and girl gazed excitedly out the windows, watching the scenery go by. The trees, mountains, and rushing streams in the deep canyon far below; as the train climbed higher and higher around the side of the mountains, sometimes crossing the canyon on high steel bridges, to circle and climb even higher along the other side. Just as everyone was settling down to a quieter and more peaceful enjoyment of the trip, the train whistled a warning "toot, toot" and darted into the depths of a black tunnel. "Oh!" cried Mabel, "I can't see!"

"Turn on the lights!" yelled George.

But soon they were out into the broad daylight, again.

On and on the little train climbed, through more tunnels and across bridges, finally coming to a stop at the Canadian boundary line for a short inspection by the Customs officers. Then on toward Lake Bennett they went. The trees became smaller, almost dwarfed in size; and small lakes were scattered here and there on either side of the track.

Suddenly, the train made a turn and came up along the side of a large lake, then stopped in front of an inn. They had reached Lake Bennett, at last! For there, at the upper end of the lake, stood the old Presbyterian Church, built years ago during the gold rush to the Yukon, and deserted before its completion.

Before the train had hardly come to a complete stop, the children began piling out of every door, and racing across the ground toward the old church, hungry and clammering for food.

"Where shall we build a fire?" Donald asked.

"Here's a good place," Mr. Ward said, "It isn't windy here."

Soon everyone was carrying wood, or helping Miss Callecod and Miss Fisher prepare the food for their picnic lunch.

Little Walter came carrying a stick of wood almost as large as himself. "I'll help you build a fire, Mr. Ward," he said.

Cecelia put on her apron and asked to help with the food. Everyone was anxious to help and so, grace was soon said, and the delicious food was quickly eaten. There were fresh green vegetables from the Haines House garden, and fresh milk from the farm to go with the potato salad, meat loaf and other good food which Miss Miller and Miss Brinegar had prepared.

After the last boy and girl had eaten, and the things had been put away, the children scattered here and there, exploring the nearby hillsides, the lake shore and the old church. Inside the church a swing had been erected and the smaller girls took turns swinging. Soon someone discovered an old stairway that led to the top of the old belfry. Donald and Joe climbed to the top, and looked out through the unfinished windows, to the lake and hillside, and the little train waiting patiently by the inn far below.

Miss Callecod took the four littlest girls exploring through the shrubbery that grew everywhere along the lake.

"Look! I've found some berries!" shouted Nena.

And sure enough! Wild cranberries and blue berries were thick among the

bushes and grasses.

"What kind of berries are those?" Miss Auldrige asked Bennie, who had come up with a bucket full he had gathered to take home with him. "They're soap berries", he said. "You beat them up until they're light and fluffy, then add sugar and eat them like ice cream. They're good!"

When the last hillside was explored, and the last berry was picked, boys and girls began to wander down to the tracks where Mr. Dodge and Mr. Fox were getting ready for games and races.

Baseball, high jumping and races caused a lot of excited yelling for different ones to win. One race which proved most exciting was the three-legged race. Benny was one of the winners there. He had to run across to the goal with one leg tied to that of his partner. Some of the players took awkward tumbles which brought roars of laughter from the crowd. Families and children from the Skagway Presbyterian Sunday School had come in other cars on the train.

Just as the games were ended and the little ones were growing tired, the engineer blew a long blast on the train whistle warning them the train would leave in thirty minutes.

Supplies were loaded on the cars, last minute pictures were taken, then every boy and girl climbed into a seat and away they went back along the same beautiful scenic ride toward Skagway ~~xxxxxxxx~~ They ate their lunch and sang songs as they travelled toward home. After an ice cream cone treat in Skagway they made their way down to the dock where Mr. Prouty was waiting with the Princeton-Hall to take them to Haines.

The water was a little rough going back, so most of the children settled down to sleep or rest until the boat docked at the Haines float. Then as each boy and girl filed out onto the float a "Thank you, Mr. Prouty" came from even the littlest one, little Peter as he was led by Miss Fisher up the ramp toward home and bed.

Thursday, July 8th

We got up at 8:00 o'clock this morning and started to eat our breakfast at 10:00. By then we were as hungry as a pack of wolves. For breakfast we got "Kix", cocoa, "Rice Krispies" with strawberries on top of it, and also whipped cream with it. (Yum! Yum! I wish I had some of it right now!)

After we got our dishes done we fixed our lunch for our two little kids. We put our fishing tackle and other things ready, and then we started on our little walk, which was very enjoyable. On the way we saw a little pond which we thought would be good enough for us to swim in. We saw a lot of beautiful scenery. Making lunch after our lunch, we went out a mile for our fishing gear. We then went to the little waterfall that's near the place where we were staying. We had to take our shoes off to cross the creek or waterfall. And the current of the water was so strong, so we had to be careful in crossing it. After lunch we found a place to fish and then walked ourselves to fish. We fished and fished, and finally I caught one. But as my stepmother it slipped out of my hands and was too excited. That's why. After that one slipped out of my hands I caught two more. Since I didn't have any place to put them I put the fish in my stockings (that's how small they were). But I was pretty proud of them. Miss Robinson caught one and she threw it back into the creek - she said it was too small a fish. After I caught those two fish I didn't get any more fish, but a few minnows. After fishing we went home.

After taking a nap from 1:00 to 2:00 we got our supper ready. Our supper was hot stew, carrots, pickles, toasted bread, and cake and pudding. We were celebrating Miss Robinson's birthday. We had picked her with a cake. She thought that she'd also have birthday party, but she was didn't. After supper, even though I was full, I had my new little fish fried and I was done. They were small fish.

Friday, July 9th
SMOKED SALMON

Mr. Lubcke sent us five fish. The first one we baked on the camp fire and ate it for lunch.

Dorothy Wickstrom and Dorothy Clayton helped make supports for the big cardboard box that we used for smoking. Dorothy W., Dorothy C. and Gerry went up to an abandoned saw mill to get a big ~~board support~~ ~~box~~ ~~we had discovered in our Wednesday hike~~. While they were gone Miss Robinson and I rigged up the racks for the fish to lie on in the smoke box. Marilyn, Miss Robinson and I got the alder for the fire. It took about an hour and a half to kipper the salmon for our supper. We had string beans, toast, and an orange to go with it. We expect to have some kippered salmon sandwiches for tomorrow's lunch.

Germaine Charles

I got a butterfly down by the creek. I caught it and brought it in to the house. Then I showed it to the girls, Miss Robinson and Miss Auldridge. Then I put it on the curtain. This morning Miss Auldridge and Marilyn let it out and it flew away.

"Bubokis"

Sunday, July 11th

after we got through with our breakfast we fixed our lunch to take on a hike. We waited for a while then we led the dog into a meadow. It was so quiet a car stopped and the people talked to us while we waited. Then we kept walking up to the slide. When we got to the slide we sat down and ate, and then we went to look for some blueberries.

We found some different kinds of berries. We ate some. We decided to pick some and bring them home to make a pie. We found them all along the creek. We found about a gallon. We brought them home and then washed them and a few berries. Miss Robinson made some doughnuts for the berries. We ate our supper outside about eight o'clock. The mosquitoes were awful. We couldn't sleep at all. We went to bed about 10:30. Mr. Lacey was with us all night and got Bessie, Myrna and Eleanor.

"Snoopy"



Monday, July 12th

Well, it was a really nice day when we got up. We missed up and went down to eat breakfast. We had corn flakes, kix and pilot crackers and jelly for breakfast. We fixed pilot crackers with cheese for our lunch. We had oranges, (we each had a half as there were only four), jello and water to drink. After our lunch was fixed we went up the road to get some wood from the wood pile. We brought some wood in a wheel barrow, and some of us carried the little ones down. Miss Robinson, Marilyn, Gerry, and Germaine sharpened the axe. We had to sit on the seat and pedal to turn the grind stone. We used a can to dump water on the wheel to keep the axe from getting too hot. While they were sharpening the axes the rest of us sawed up what we brought down, and went up to get another load. Then we came back and waited until they were through sharpening the axes. After they came back we sawed the wood and split it up and put it in the shed. We put some in the stack that we didn't saw up.

To ate our lunch up stairs in Miss Anbridge and Miss Robinson's room. After lunch we made a bowl out of paper strips. Miss Anbridge, Germaine and Dorothy W. made the bowl. Miss Robinson made a nice little boy's head. Miss Anbridge made a little old lady with a bump in the back of her head for her hair. After that Dorothy Clayton tried to make a man to match Miss Anbridge's lady. She couldn't do it so she got mad because she couldn't do it right. So she squished it up. We put them out in the sun to dry.

After that we got supper ready. We had noodles, soups and peas. We had prune pudding made with corn starch, orange juice and jam, and graham crackers crumbs on top. We had grapefruit juice to drink. After we washed dishes Miss Robinson, Dorothy Clayton and Dorothy W. went to get another load of wood. Dorothy W. and Dorothy Clayton made a fire outside in our pit fireplace to roast marshmallows. We each had four, because there were only two boxes and there were 16 in a box. We burnt our smoke house which was made out of a big cardboard box and wood. We put a big piece of cardboard on top and after it got so smoking it flew away. Dorothy and Miss Robinson caught it and smashed it up. Dorothy Clayton went and got water to put on. She spilt half a gallon all over the floor. After that we went

-Dorothy Wickstrom and Germaine Charles

OUR TRIP TO JUNEAU

On Wednesday morning, Sept. 24th at 10 o'clock 21 Haines House children, Agnes, Mrs. Mellott, Mrs. Sheldon, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Gregg and I boarded the Princeton Hall for a trip to Juneau. It was a beautiful morning and the water was as smooth as glass. The children were dentist bound and Peter for the hospital for observation (he had had diarrhea for over a week and couldn't seem to recover). After settling ourselves by making our beds, except the boys who were to sleep in the chapel (cabin), getting our work assignments, and tidying the boat, we went outside to enjoy the lovely scenery and the sunshine. We saw porpoises playing around the boat and the children shouted with glee at them. At eleven we put the fish and noodles in the oven to warm, prepared the lettuce, cut the bread and poured the milk for our lunch. Miss Stauffer had cooked "up" several dishes for us so that the meals were an easy task. Mabel and Eleanor were my right hand girls in the galley and we had fun doing things. We didn't have enough dishes so had to eat in shifts - the children first. Each child was expected to do his "work" and they were all very cooperative, even volunteered to do things.

After lunch we again enjoyed the lovely out-of-doors and sang a little as we glided along. We had our supper about 5:30 and had the dishes almost done when we docked in Juneau at 6:30 o'clock. Mr. Prouty had slowed down as we neared Juneau so the children could enjoy seeing it. Shortly after we docked we left the boat for a walk, Mrs. Young with the children and me. The other adults found friends and relatives in Juneau and we saw very little of them until the time for returning to Haines. I shall never forget the delight and wonderment of the little ones over the neon lights and the many store buildings. 5-year-old Cecelia's "LOOOOK IT!!", Eldon's "LOOK, Miss Fisher!"; Mack's excitement and "yelling" over everything made many people turn and smile as our 20 passed along. We had left Peter at the hospital on the way. The poor little fellow cried so loud we could hear him almost a block from the hospital - I hated leaving him but it was for his good. We stopped at a "Presbyterian" drug store where a former Sheldon Jackson School supervisor was dispensing sodas, etc., and had a double dip ice cream cone (Miss Miller's treat) and many shiny brown eyes smiled at me over theirs. Those in the store enjoyed the delight and enthusiasm of the children over the things they saw there. Frankie, thinking of the roads of Haines, hadn't gone to the bathroom as I had directed and was VERY soaked when we got home. I washed his underwear and overalls after they were all in bed and we had to dry them in the oven after making the toast next morning. He (and we, too) feared he would have to go to the dentist in his pajamas, but the oven did the work just in time. We put a diaper on Eldon and the girls rolled the little girl bw's in rubber sheets, then after much conversation about the wonders of Juneau - and our prayer of thanks and petition, we went to sleep.

The next morning we rose early (earlier than planned) made our beds in the cabin and the others were made by the "bedroom" girls. With our toast we had cereal and milk at 8 a.m. We hustled with the dishes, off the boat and to the dentist. Dr. Polley, who had been in Skagway so we knew him. He took the children in shifts of five each and we reported to his office each hour to leave new recruits and pick up the "done" ones. All Juneau was commenting on "Mrs. Wiggs and her family". (Mrs. Young went to a different dentist). We went to the Family Shoe Store and bought shoes for Eleanor and Bessie and the children couldn't get over the great number of shoes! Then to other places for shopping for those at Haines House. After the first shift some of the little ones were tired so, after the complete round in the rest room, we went to the Northern Light Presbyterian Church to rest. The children were awed and thrilled over the organ, pews and the church in general. After "parking" the third shift with Dr. Polley and leaving one who knew Juneau, the rest of us rushed off for the boat and lunch getting. Mrs. Young had joined us and helped with the meal and table and serving. She was a wonderful help all the time. After lunch we hurried some of the fourth shift on to Dr. Polley then followed. People stopped at his office to enjoy the children and their remarks - a man gathered us in a group and took our picture and everywhere we went people remarked about the good behaviour of the children. The children went "spending" on their own, which thrilled them. Dr. Polley finished about 3:30 with the 20 of them - Cecelia had given him some interesting instructions on pulling teeth, as she had watched him pull a tooth

or two. He was quite taken with all the children and her especially. He gave us \$2 to buy popcorn at the show which we were to attend that evening. I had to go to a Government office to see about getting money for the dentist's bill and to the family. Mr. Ward and I had told the children about elevators and escalators and now we were to ride on an ELEVATOR! We rode rather slowly to the 4th floor and I couldn't help laughing at the remarks of "Geeeee, my stomach feels funny!" "Geeeee, I have tickles in my stomach", "OOOOOOOOOOOH!", "Did we REALLY go up?" "Ooooooooh, I feel FUNNY!" The "elevator man" really got a kick out of them, too. We had to go in two groups and the first ones looked rather scared as the door closed and shut us from their view, but they were ready to go down when the time came. We created quite a stir in the offices surrounding Mr. Starling's. The children were unusually good - they talked and laughed but were not too noisy and didn't meddle. We had to hurry home to get our supper so we could get back to the show on time. I carried Cecelia "piggy back" in order to make faster time. We climbed 97 steps to get to the main part of Juneau as the smallboat harbor is much lower. The doorkeeper at the show was rather dubious about letting Mrs. Young and me in with that crowd of children but we had paid for our tickets (\$6.50). The children rushed down near the front and sat down ready for whatever might come. Their eyes were large and round at the "beauuuutiful" theater. Cecelia and some of the others couldn't get over the "pretty colored lights, the different colors on the curtain, and how come they showed pictures on the curtain before it opened", etc. We saw pictures of the Florida hurricane and Cecelia remarked solemnly "God makes the wind". The feature was "Man from Frisco" with Michael O'Shea and Ann Shirley and it and the cartoon, Army Football Champs were very good and much enjoyed by all of us. Lora Ann went to sleep but the rest were wide-eyed thru it all. We bought our popcorn as we left and the "doorman" was all smiles saying he had never seen a group of children so well behaved. It was raining when we came out of the theater but it didn't rain long so we weren't too wet when we arrived at the boat. I sent the rest on and stopped at the hospital for Peter, who was delighted to see me. The Nurses had all fallen in love with the dear little fellow. He had had a grand time with Saul, a little 2 year old Indian boy in the ward. Petie calls himself "daddy" and me "mama" and he most talked a "leg off me" as I half carried and "walked" him to the boat. We were to start that night at 3 so I tucked the children all into bed after hearing all about everything in the show, the elevator, and many other things that happened and were seen, and our prayer. Peter slept with me and must have feared my leaving him for he clung to my hand and if I gently pushed his hand away he took my arm or kept close to me. Just as I was dozing off, Donald called me saying someone was there to see Rosita. I went to the door and the "cousin" pleaded with tears in his eyes, so I awakened Rosita and went with her for the talk. After re-tucking her in, I was awakened from my next "dose" by a crash - Beatrice had fallen from the upper bunk! I got her back after kissing the bump and soothing her, tucked the girls in where blankets had fallen off and was dozing again when Mrs. Gregg came in to find where she was to sleep. After settling again, the grown-ups arrived and I heard Mr. Prouty read the note I had left so I knew they were cared for. Shortly after that I heard crying in the cabin and found Eldon weeping because his shoulder hurt. I rubbed it and he went off to sleep. I hadn't gone to sleep soundly when the boys in the cabin were awake and ready for another day. We had "cooling-system" trouble so turned back to Juneau, delighting the children. After breakfast Agnes and Mrs. Peck took the younger ones for a walk and Mrs. Young and I took the older ones to do some of the things we just couldn't get done the day before. At 2:30 we started homeward enjoying the beautiful sunshine, a glorious sun set and lovely moonlight. We saw a young whale rise almost completely out of the water and porpoises again played near us. We planned to be in Haines at 11 or 11:30 so the children did not go to bed. We sang, played games and ate to keep awake. About 10:50 we got into a fog so dense we couldn't see the water by the boat and were in danger. We prayed God for a lifting of the fog and for safety, even the small children - and He did, but we didn't arrive in Haines until 2 o'clock. Mr. Nowell, wakened by the lone lady on the dock when we arrived, came after us with the truck and soon we went ~~zipped~~ sleepily to bed in our own beds. God had been very good to us during all the trip and we were truly grateful to Him. We appreciated Mr. Prouty and the Princeton Hall, too. I have never spent three happier days in my life and shall treasure the memory of them always.

OUR DECORATION DAY BOAT TRIP

--Olive Fisher

One Saturday morning the children at Haines House were especially anxious to get their cleaning and mopping done - because this was the day Mr. Andrew Gamble was going to take them on the ^{Hudson River} SJ II to Skagway. <

~~This~~ was a special day, too, because it was Decoration Day. Boy Scout Billy and Mr. Turner put up the flag, half-mast in the morning and all the way to the top of the pole at noon. Dennis, Ervin, "Butch" and George hurried through their work to help Miss Fisher put flowers on the graves of some children and friends in the cemetery. Billy and Tommy helped Bill plant potatoes. Ida, Hannah, Eileen, "Kathy," Esther, Clara and Miss Berg helped Miss Kennedy pop corn, make cookies and Koolaid to take on the boat. What a busy place Haines House was as they got ready to go.

At 2 o'clock everyone got on the big truck and rode to the dock. How happy everyone was for ~~God had given~~ ^{that there was} warm sunshine, calm waters and a beautiful, beautiful day. Billy had prayed specially for a nice day and we were sure God had answered this prayer.

Mr. Schwab helped Maxine, Davie, Carol and the other ~~little ones~~ ^{aboard.} ~~My~~ How excited they were as they ran over the deck of the boat. Little Georgie shouted, "A boat, a boat, a big boat". Bill and Mr. Turner helped loose the ropes that held the boat to the dock and away sailed the SJ II and its happy passengers waving to Mrs. Turner and Bill.

~~What fun it was to glide smoothly on the water and watch~~ Haines House ^Cgrow smaller and smaller; then it, the school and the town disappeared as the boat rounded a bend. Everywhere were mountains and water. "Look at the pretty waterfalls", Elaine shouted. David looked through Miss Callecod's binoculars to see if he could find some mountain goats. Miss Turner and Miss Downer were kept busy helping Benny, Patrick, ^{" "}Duffy, ^{" "}Bill-Bill, George, Ervin and others up and down the ladder leading to top deck. "Whee, look at the big waterfall," called Clara. "Oh, Oh, see the porpoise racing the boat", shouted Tommy. How exciting it was to watch them jumping from the waves, too. In the fresh, salty air, ^{especially good.} how good the pop corn and Koolaid tasted. "Yum, yum," said Delbert and Maxine and the rest. "Look, ~~Miss Fisher,~~ at the big ship", called Billy, as the SJ II passed a large freighter docked in Skagway.

Our Decoration Day Boat Trip -#2

As the "Family" reached the dock and climbed the ramp, ~~wonder of wonders~~, there was a TRAIN. Some of the boys and girls had never seen one. How big ^{their} the children's eyes got as they watched the engine move the freight cars, then switch one to another track to be filled then unload ore to the ship. "Look at the fire in the engine", "See the man at the window", "He waved at me", "Lookit the smoke", "Oh, Oh", shouted the little ones as they watched.

"Eeeeeee! it is hot", said Ida as all walked on the board walk to the town of Skagway, many craning their necks to watch the train as long as possible.

What fun it was to visit the curio shops, window shop and to look over things in the hardware store. "We have hammers like this in Haines", said Ervin. "Here's some carrot seeds like I planted in my garden", shouted George.

Then, the ^{joy} of going into a ^{Cafe} to EAT. Hamburgers fit our pocketbooks best, so most everyone had one. ~~What fun to eat there even if~~ ^{Six} six or seven were crowded in a booth, ~~but it~~ Esther said, as she ate her hamburger, "Miss Kennedy can cook better than this". Dessert ^{was} ~~the thrill of~~ a strawberry ice cream soda, the first for some! "Watch it go through the straw", exclaimed Albert. "Oh! Tommy hit the bottom", said Billy as he heard the noise. To see if he could, Benny blew in his straw to see his "pop bubble". ~~My it was exciting.~~ "Oh, look at the clock", said Mrs. Schwab. ~~It was time to go back to the boat.~~

"Think of all we will have to write ^{the children who} Peter, Norman, Laura Ann, ^{Edward,} Jacko, Willie, and Perry, who are home for the summer; Maxie, for he was in the Juneau hospital with a fractured wrist; Jack and Alfred, who were in Boy Scout Camp; tell Nora, who was at ^{Rainbow} Glacier Camp for the Young People's Conference, said the children. Miss Kennedy and Miss Fisher hugged the little ones close to keep them cozy and warm; Mrs. Schwab, Miss Turner, Miss Downer, Miss Berg and Mr. Turner chatted with the children. Mr. Schwab steered the boat for part of the homeward trip. More porpoises, more waterfalls, an eagle, ~~spotted by Mr. Schwab~~, cookies and more Koolaid made the journey home pleasant.

When the boat docked a sleepy family climbed on the truck and rode home to Haines House. After their baths, the children said, "Thank ~~You~~, God for a happy, happy day", snuggled in their beds, and went to sleep.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Some of the boys at Haines House had a REAL adventure and we think you would like to hear about it.

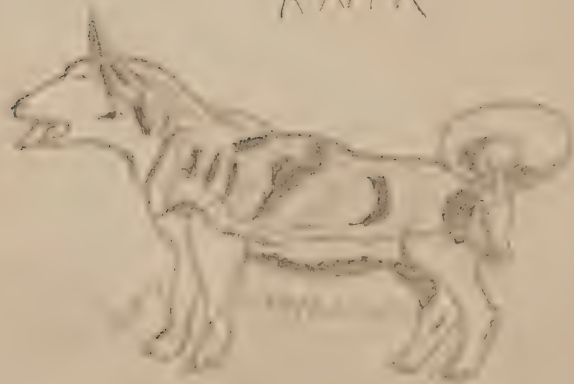
One Saturday three of the boys started out to find Knik's puppies. She had hidden them in a hard place to find, and all the Haines House children had been looking for them several days. Nick, Norman and Billy followed her tracks on this morning, after they had finished their Saturday cleaning and mopping. The tracks led to some old government warehouses and soon the boys were crawling under one where they saw the five little puppies. Knik watched the boys. Soon Nick brought out a little cuddly grey and white one. They brought it to Haines House for all to see, pet and admire.

When the boys took the puppy back to the warehouse, Skipper and Chuck had joined them. Then the boys had their real adventure. They found some guns and shells under one of the warehouses! After talking it over they took the guns and ammunition to the Alaska Communications System office. The men there discovered that the guns had been stolen from a store in town about a year ago. Chuck, Billy, Norman, Skipper and Nick felt they had had a really true adventure.

Your friends,

THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF HAINES HOUSE

KNIR



PUPPY





Knik carrying puppy

Knik carrying puppy

KNICK HOWLS

AT THE MOON

SOMETIMES



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George Shoyen

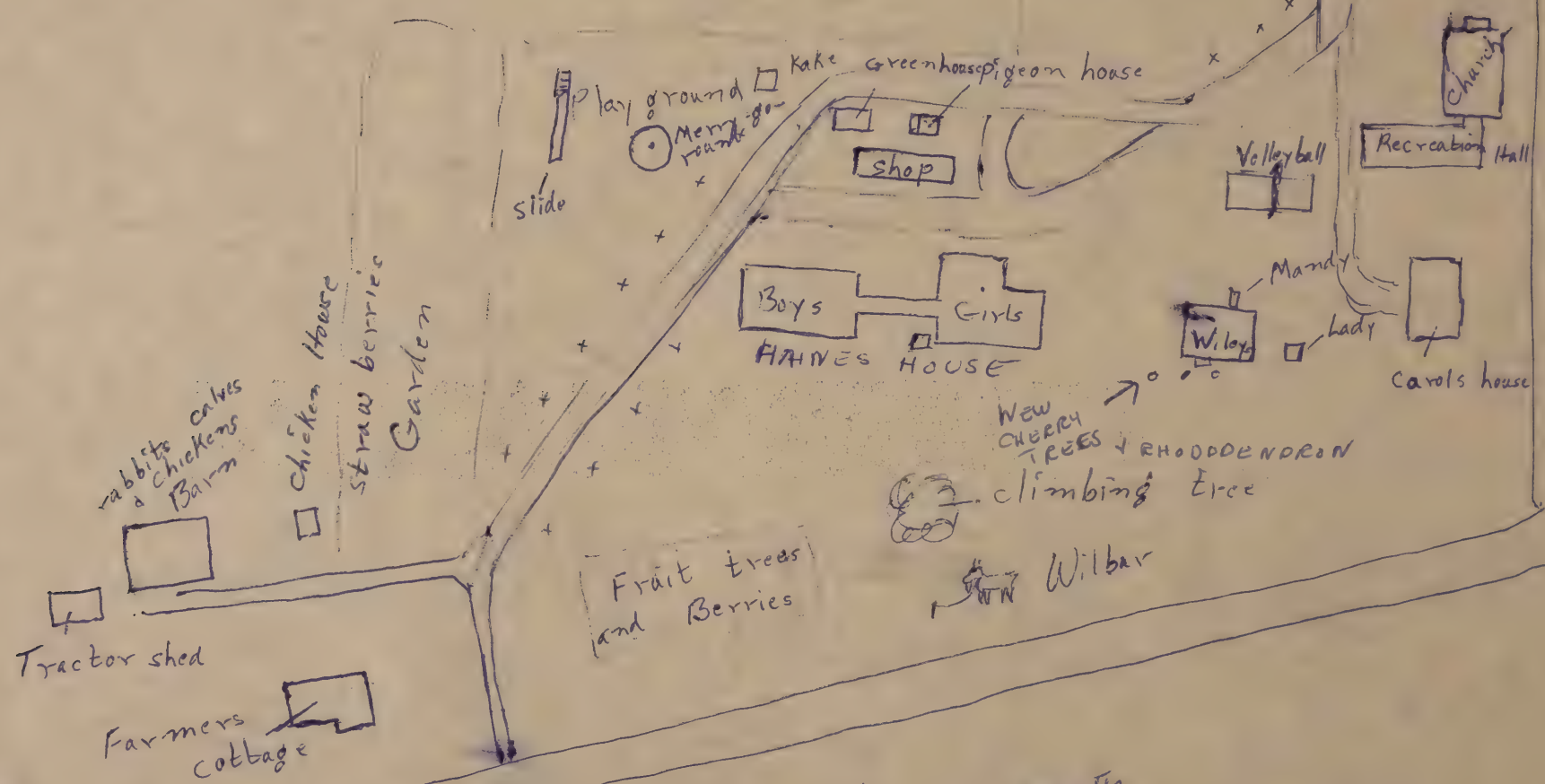
The attached map~~x~~ is the new look of Haines House. By the time the November issue of Missionary Mail is sent out, this is the way the new driveway will look. Work has already begun on it. We already have the trees, sent by a group in Chicago, to set out along the new driveway. Quite a few shrubs have already been set out around Haines House, and the executive cottage. A rock wall has been built in front against the first upper bank of the cottage. Flower beds are being prepared, Two flowering cherry trees, and rhod^{od}endron bushes have been planted in front of the cottage. We hope to have some natural log fences, and a new sign for Haines House.

Clearing
Land

Potatoes

Garden
Vegetables

Hay field



Indicates
X - new trees

Copied from the original

Haines House, Haines, Alaska

April

"When that Aprille with his showres sweete
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roots."

April - a month wherein:

Much singing and joyful beguines ring!

One of the plagues visited on the ancient Egyptians besets Haines House!

Mrs. Legare investigates a noise!

Miss Blithenmer is introduced to the fascinating art of cooking!

Sir William tests the loyalty of his feudal slaves and finds it firm!

Various females of our hostelry enter a contest!

Bill Meyer has a heart attack—almost!

Bill Wiloy and Mrs. ^{Turner} found their way aloft to attend diverse meetings in
Washington and Petersburg!

Diverse beasts, fowls, and crawling insects take up their abode!

April. "and swale fowles maken melodye!" The robins are building a nest in the big spruce tree! The swallows are madly hunting an abode suitable for bringing up a family. The magpies are gossiping loudly on the front lawn—perhaps a tidbit dropped by the curious chickadee who was seen flying in the open Haines House windows.

Menstruous gourmet mosquitoes, tempted by the delicate flavor of the stateside staff, swarmed over Haines House. "Big Ear" was the epithet given Miss Craig by the big boys, when they beheld her ear, red and swollen from one of the midnight attacks.

Palm Sunday, although in March, did usher in a month of joyous song. Several of the staff and many of the children joined the choir of the Haines Presbyterian Church in singing "The Psalms!" Each of the choir members had a long piece of palm, and the children did wave them right merrily, and sing with all their hearts, "Hosanna! Hosanna!" They had a wonderful time. Rita Mae's eyes did sparkle, and those of Paul and Geraldine and Teresa. Now the King must have enjoyed it! Now wistfully did the groupings wish their hosannas could resound with as much pure joy.

Boylake, young Henry, did delight in using his palm to torment a little girl,

her hair, her ear, up and down in front of her face. She bore this torment like a well poised queen ignoring the pestering of a bothersome fly.

All the older boys and girls did make great protestations over the staff decision that all the family needs must attend the various services of the church during Holy Week. "Aw, why must we always be so religious!" Particularly vociferous were they over attending the Good Friday Service. The hardhearted staff did then secretly smile and wink at each other at overhearing their, "Gee, wasn't that good!" Farmer Lippincott, beaming with pride because his wife's lovely solo contributed much to the worship, took with quiet Quaker humor, "Gee, Mr. Lippincott your wife sure sings good, but Mrs. Terwiliger is better!"

Easter day did dawn gray and soggy and cold, and even that seasoned Alaskan, our pastor, did decide against holding the sunrise service on the Haines House front lawn. Only the little boys kept to their beds, and breakfasted at Haines House. All the remainder of the family joined in the Easter sunrise worship, and the delicious breakfast which followed. ~~XX~~
The afternoon cleared, and warmed up, and the children had a rollicking Easter egg hunt on the front lawn.

~~THE~~ Bill Wiley and Walter Porter did magnificently raise their voices in solo song for the beautiful cantata written and directed by talented Ruth Hartmann, and presented at the church on Easter Evening.

The burst of song did not end here. Miss Shirley Wooden, and the Haines House members of the Westminster Choir did feverishly prepare for the trip to Juneau to present the Holy City to the Memorial Church and Auke Lake Chapel. Haines House did promise to pay half the expense for the boys and girls who earned the other half. Staff members were hard put thinking up jobs, Laura Anne, and Marie, and Mae, and Myra did usually appear at Saturday lunch with hair, noses, ears, and hands ~~unwashed~~ bespattered with starlight blue or caprice yellow, depending on whether the job of the day was Miss Wooden's or Miss Craig's bedroom. Walter Porter and Leonard Williams, sure they would be able to go anyway didn't bother with jobs. When on the eve of the departure, they did discover the staff was adamant--no money earned by them, no money put up by Haines House, the sound of the buffer could be heard right up to the witching hour, as these lads did scrub and wax floors industriously, to put in the five needed hours extra pay work. Somewhat chastened and sleepy, they did arise with the others for a four o'clock breakfast before boarding the waiting Princeton Hall.

The little boys and girls could be heard often in bursts of song from their Easter week choir number, "All Creatures of our God and King." This did prove an apt theme song for the month. Many of the staff did feel a great sympathy for the ancient Egyptians, beset by the plague of frogs. A gray-green horde descended on Haines House. Big frogs, little frogs. There were frogs everywhere in Wheeler Hall. The croaking in the Meyers' kitchen was reminiscent of a hot midsummer night in the country. There were frogs on the sunporch, frogs in the little boys' pockets, frogs in the big boys' pockets, frogs leaping over the books in study hall. Every time Mrs. Turner snipped a leaf off her African violet plants, out popped a frog. There were frogs under chairs, frogs in beds. Then each lad did have by his bed a clean number ten can with water in which a new generation of frogs waited hatching or were already young tadpoles.

One evening, on relief with the little boys, Mrs. Legare, weary from getting ten little boys, and all their frogs each in his proper spot for the night did wearily sink into a rocker, and close her eyes for a moment's relaxation.

Scratch, scratch, scratch!

"What was that noise!" inquired she with a start.

"I didn't hear anything!" Benny promptly popped up.

Scratch, scratch! "Well, I hear something!"

"It must be the radiator," Benny put in quickly.

"Radiators don't make scratching noises! Benny! What have you got in this room!"

"I haven't got anything."

"Let's see under your bed!"

"There's nothing there!"

"Well, there's something in this room!"

Then opening the cupboard door, she did behold Mustard, a vagabond cat, much loved by Benny. This cat no doubt of some Persian ancestry, is long haired, and many colored--black, white, brown and orange. Seven times seven times, it has been taken away from Haines House and returned to its rightful owner, but Mustard with unerring instinct always finds its way back to Benny. Sometimes Mustard remains hidden for days, fed by Benny with tidbits he saves from his own supper.

Misfortune befell Mrs. Thompson, and she was sent off to Juneau for a hernia operation. This did pose a problem. Who would do the cooking? The staff in solemn session pondered deeply. (Not only the monstrous mosquitos savor good food.) Each did inspect the others in the circle, and finally all did seem to center on Miss Niethammer.

"Barbara, don't you think before your marriage you should learn to cook?"

Thus did Barbara take her place along side of Mrs. Legare and Miss Wooden in the kitchen. Mrs. Legare did most of the cooking, with Barbara and Shirley taking over on her days off, and when she took care of the little boys. On Barbara's day in the kitchen, the unguentine and band-aids did get lavishly used to soothe the wounds acquired in her battle with the oven, knives, slicer, can opener, and beaters. Beaten down, and weary from her battle with the fiendish cooking devices, Miss Niethammer did receive her accolade, when small Rita Mae in her deep bass voice did say, "You fried this bacon and eggs? Pretty good cook!"

Then did Bill Wiley seek to know the extent of our love for him.

"I'll cook lunch on Monday!" volunteered he.

This he did do--a thin brownish soup with spicy smell.

"What's this?" asked the boys and girls as they helped themselves.

"It's soup!" said the supervisors, eating grimly.

"I don't want any! I'm not hungry!"

"Eat it! It's good for you!" urged Mr. Wiley.

"Mr. Wiley, if you were our cook all the time, we could lose weight." spoke

up Joanna.

Perhaps Geraldine gave Mr. Wiley his accolade when she did say. "Well, anyway it's different!-----but gee, it sure is terrible!"

After two days passed, Mrs. Legare did doctor up the soup with left over vegetables, and noodles. But at the first whiff of that spicy aroma, many of the kids did say, "That's Mr. Wiley's soup! I'm not hungry today!" Therein did Mr. Wiley find how much his staff did love him, we did eat a bowlful each time!

Phyllis Wiley and Betty Lee Lippincott, adept seamstresses entered the Vogue sewing contest which was presented along with the fashion show given by the Women's Club. ~~Phyllis and Betty~~ Phyllis and Betty tied for first place in the Haines contest, and Phyllis won first place in the Alaskan judging in Juneau, and her dress has been sent to New York for the National Contest. Betty Lee did console herself because at least she is able to wear her dress now. Equal appiause at the fashion show greeted Phyllis's highschool home economics class's presentation of the smart frocks and sports clothes made in class, as was given Mr. Albertson's creations from Juneau.

Bill Meyer did also sponsor a contest. To the one who would name his boat, he promised a ride on the bay with the friend of his choice--male or female. To George Shaven went this honor for the name, Golden Eagle. Though Mac did sigh and look longingly from the window, George asked Richard to go on the ride.

Some of the staff did facetiously suggest that Nautilus might be a more apt name, since the Golden Eagle is more oft times under the water than on top of it. In fact, at the sight of Bill clad in his hip boots, all muddy and wet, the question put is, "Have you been out in your boat, or were you just bringing it back to the surface again?"

Much work did he and Jerry put in on building a new dinghy. On the day he was nailing the new plywood bottom to the sides, the sound of the hammering in the basement did cause many of the staff to investigate. When they beheld the one side neatly nailed down, the other that had to curve in the opposite direction, standing straight up in the air, there was much wagging of heads and cautioning, "It will surely crack when you drive the nail!" Bill and Jerry did ignore these comments, which discouraged the prospective straw losses, and they did leave. The moment of crisis did arrive, the plywood was thoroughly soaked, and with Jerry standing behind him to give moral encouragement, Bill Meyer did hammer in the critical nail. When the last pound brought together the bottom and the far side, Bill Meyer did thankfully close his eyes. Then heard he the noise, a ripping, tearing sound, as of wood dividing. His heart did sink and he kept his eyes closed, gathering strength to look. Finally, he looked, and behold, no gaping tear marred the smooth surface of the boat bottom. Then did he behold Jerry standing behind him, his eyes crinkled shut in lapish glee. In his hands he did hold two strips of torn plywood!

Mrs. Turner did become the somewhat dubious escort of a prospective mother. Returning from the Seattle Conference with Bill Wiley, as they did separate in Juneau, he to go on to Presbytery, she to return to Haines, he handed her a cardboard box with the instructions, "Take this to Phyllis! She'll know what to do with it!" There might be more than one before you get there!" Mrs. Turner followed instructions, and that very night the Haines House population increased by four. The prospective mother guinea pig gave birth to quadruplets. An unusual event in the guinea pig world, the affair ended in tragedy, when the mother and three of the babies died, and the other was adopted by another mother.

On the Wednesday following Presbytery, Bill Wiley returned to Haines House and was greeted with great enthusiasm by the entire family. He did share our supper with us, and during the entire meal there seemed to be an undercurrent of excitement. As soon as supper was eaten, the children did ply him with, "What did you bring back, Mr. Wiley?" He did

tease for a while, and then finally said, "Come out in the passageway and I'll show you." All had to line up against the sides, and he did slowly put down his canvas carryall, zip it open, bring out what looked like a white pillow slip, and then, to loud shrieking and screaming, he brought to view a big snake, a boa constrictor.

"Come out and see the snake, Mrs. Legare!" the big boys yelled.

"No, I should say not!" roared back Mrs. Legare with a volume not suspected of so small a person, and to the great delight of the gathered children. Everybody did scream, and shriek, and yell, the din was deafening. Miss Craig did run screaming for her camera. When the excitement died down somewhat, Mr. Wiley asked everybody to line up along side the wall again. "If you don't everybody won't be able to see this." He did then bring forth a wee alligator, about ten inches long. He placed it on the floor. Miss Craig eager for a picture, dropped to the floor also. Camera to eye, she inched up on Ally. "Look out Miss Craig!" "He's after you!" Back and forth went Ally and Miss Craig, each encouraged and cheered forward by the screaming, laughing boys and girls. Finally Ally egged on by his cheering section, did fix small beady eyes on Miss Craig, baring two rows of sharply pointed, gleaming white teeth, he did steadily advance, as she slowly retreated. The climax did come when she did back into Benny who was holding a white rat in his hand. She did hastily head for the dining room. Mr. Wiley held Ally aloft, proclaiming him victor, and the defeated one ^{ped} did come back and snap his picture, while he did gleefully, and toothsomey smiled and flip his tail.

Into this confusion, did Miss Miller bring a breath of businesslike sanity, but she did finally give all up for lost, and retreated to Junona.

Perhaps the sign seen at the local postoffice describes most accurately the atmospheric conditions prevailing in Haines this month:-

WANTED BUGGY BABY IN GOOD CONDITION!

Haines House -- "Missionary Mail Publicity

(Note: Haines House is very active in the 4-H program at Haines: Summer Camp, Projects, etc.) Material sent in previously, for Annual news letter, etc. mentions this. Carbon copies of this publicity inclosed. D.A.S.)

Photographs also show pictures of the new John Deere Crawler tractor which was a gift of the Middletown, Ohio church to Haines House in April, which is a big help to our agricultural program.

Mass. Junior 4-H Club, Haines, Ohio, 4/1/28

" 4 - H #

(Elizabeth Berg)

I don't know how many of you boys and girls know this pledge:

" I pledge my Head to clearer thinking:
My Heart to greater loyalty:
My Hands to larger service:
And my Health to better living
For my Club, my community, and my country."

*is this from
Oakes?*

but many of the boys and girls at Haines House say it each month to open their 4 - H Club meetings. Since there are so many Haines boys and girls in the club there are different project groups. You might overhear the cooking group discussing the best recipe for quick breads or ginger cookies. French seams and bound button holes will take the interest of the sewing girls. Some of the boys very likely will talk about feeding and showing their calves, while others will want to tell you all about the footstool or tool chest they are making in the handicraft group. Both boys and girls in the gardening projects will say something about making straight rows and the never-ending weeding, I'm sure.

*is this from
Oakes?*

There is lots of time, too, to have fun with games, songs, campfire picnics, and outdoor activities. Those boys and girls who have kept up with their projects have an opportunity to go to 4-H camp for a week where 4-H'ers from other towns will come to join those from Haines in fun, friendship, and frolic.

This year as a special project to raise money to have prizes for the best work in 4-H the group is going to put on a play for the community. They have chosen a funny one called "Quiet Home Wedding" in which the boys and girls will show just how much can happen to a bride and groom on their wedding day.

The boys and girls surely will have a busy time to keep up with all these activities, but oh, how the days fly when there's so much to do!

E.B.

Rosie's arrival at the Haines Airport was a gala event, not only for Rosie but for the children in her department who had come to meet her. As center of attention during the four mile trip to town, Rosie sensed the importance of the occasion and accepted the attention of the other kiddies as though she was receiving her just deserts.

From the time of her arrival, Rosie belonged. There seemed to be no adjustment period. Not as a follower but as a leader, she entered immediately into both the work and play - perhaps with a little more alacrity into the latter. Hop Scotch, ante-over, bicycle riding, baseball - she joined in all with zest. Chasing a ball into the muddy outfield, Rosie found herself mired, but only for a moment. Swinging her arms wildly, she threw the ball toward home plate, not realizing until moments later that one of her shoes had been sucked off and had disappeared in the sticky mud. Non plussed only for a split second, she ran to her supervisor for a replacement. Luckily a spare pair was found until Sears Mail Order House could come to the rescue.

Rosie has been a joiner since she came to Haines House - clubs, Church Choir, Brownies - all attracted her. In the short period of a month, she is now ready to "fly up" in the Scout organization.

A gay chatter-box, Rosie can, in the twinkling of an eye, become a little vixen. Her first work assignment was assisting in the diningroom: crumbing tables, washing table tops, sweeping the floor. Here as everywhere she "took over", pointing out to Georgie, her co-worker, drops of milk that he had failed to see on his table or crumbs on his portion of the floor that had evaded his eye - all this inspite of the fact that her own tables and floor were far from perfect specimens of cleanliness. If George completed his work first, Rosie garrulously told him off and called the attention of the supervisor to a salt cellar out-of-place, a chair out-of-position, or a streak on the table top that needed to be wiped off. Rosie saw them all and freely scolded the offender as she pointed with pride to her own often more-poorly-done work.

Her long black hair, a source of pride to herself but one of annoyance to her house-mother, has finally been corralled into a pony tale.

Tom boyish, full of pranks and sparkle, quick to grasp ideas that are new, Rosie - we hope - will benefit by her stay at Haines House and not become the first class delinquent to which her former environment seemed to be contributing.

Haines House
Haines, Alaska
Owned and operated by
Board of National Missions
of the
Presbyterian Church in the United States of America

William D. Wiley, *Executive*

"I liked working with the children so well when I was here before, and I have always liked Haines and Alaska very much. When I came back to Haines to visit, I felt there was still a great need here, and a challenging job to be done. After I prayed about it, I felt that the Lord wanted me to come back to Alaska, and to this job."

The above is Mr. Wiley's reply to the question, "Why did you come back to Haines House."

Mrs. Wiley has been teaching school this year, so hasn't had too much chance to enter into the daily activities of Haines House.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

The door to the executive cottage is always open, and both children and staff feel free to dash over. In fact the Wileys do not have too much privacy. They are generous with the^r home, and often, in fact, almost always during the winter months there is a big roaring fire in the fireplace, and frequent marshmallow toasts and weiner roasts.

The children, the staff, and a great many of the townspeople feel free to come to Bill with their problems. He excels in counselling, and many a stormy session ends with laughter and joking. He loves children, plants and animals, and has a "Green thumb" in all departments. From the time school is out until he leaves the office, there is a constant knocking at the Door. They must show him their new fillings, report cards, polio shots, dresses, shoes, smoked fish from home, letter from Mom, picture of "my boy friend" field mice, frogs. He is constantly teasing and joking with them, but can be quite stern when the occasion demands. The children seem to feel he is fair in his dealings with them, and quite frankly come to him with their "gripes."

"A MORSEL OF BREAD"

"Comfort thine heart with a morsel of bread." (Judges 19:5 KJV)

"Patsy! Wake up! Wake up! Hurry, hurry! Over here!" That was Carol's voice.

"No, on this side! They're over here now!" That was Mr. Wiley. "Come quickly, Patsy!"

"What is it? What happened?" I sat up rubbing my eyes.

"Dolphins! Hurry!" insisted Mr. Wiley.

"What are dolphins?" I crawled out of my sleeping bag, and ran toward Mr. Wiley. The wind was cold and strong. It blew my scarf off.

"Porpoises!" Mr. Wiley and Carol were leaning over the bow of the boat. Look!

I leaned over too. The spray was icy cold when it touched my face. I didn't see anything but the water. Then a splash, and there they were. Three of them. Up and down they went splashing their tails. Under the bow, and up on the other side. In and out of the water. They seemed to be having such fun. It was exciting to watch them.

We were on board the SJS II. It belongs to Sheldon Jackson Junior College. That's in Sitka where I come from. I was with Mr. Wiley. He had been to a meeting in Petersburg. Mr. Wiley is the director of Haines House, and he stopped at Sitka to take me back with him. Carol was going home with her father. Carol said her father tells people about God and Jesus. She said, "God loves everybody." She said he loved me too. I didn't know about that. Nobody ever talked to me about God.

Carol is nice. She is eight years old. Her hair is black like mine, and she was wearing it in a pony tail. She has brown eyes too. She told me a lot about Haines House because she lives right next door.

Mr. Wiley is nice too. He let me sleep in his sleeping bag. The sun was just beginning to go down, although it was nine-thirty in the evening. I was curled up in the sleeping bag in the bow of the boat. Mr. Wiley had been playing his harmonica, and Carol and some of the grownups had been singing. It was so nice I had fallen asleep.

It seemed to be taking such a long time to get to Haines House. I could hardly wait. Carol told me I would have a bed to sleep in. We didn't have any beds in our house. Mostly we slept on the floor. Since my mother died, my uncle had been taking care of

my five brothers and me. He was a fisherman. Sometimes he came home drunk. Then my brothers and I would hide until he fell asleep. Most of the time we didn't have anything to eat. Sometimes my older brother, Johnny, would bring us crusts of bread from the trash cans.

That's why I was going to Haines House. The Welfare Department took my brothers to a cousin of my mother. They didn't have room for a girl though.

After we watched the dolphins for a long time, Mr. Wiley, played his harmonica again, and I crawled back into the sleeping bag. The sea was still now, like a dark gray mirror. The sky was getting dark too. I could look up and see the mountains towering on all sides. The stars stood out so big and shining. Carol said God made the mountains, and the stars, and the sea. I wondered about that. How could anybody make them? They were so big. I wondered about God too! If he made all these things, who made him? What did he look like? How could he love everybody--even me?

"Patsy! Patsy!" Carol was shaking me. "Wake up! You slept right through breakfast! I tried to wake you. Hurry! Get your things! We're coming into Haines! See, there's Haines House! And that's Mr. Wiley's house right next door. And that's our house next to Mr. Wiley's!"

And there it was! Haines House spread out all shiny white in the sun! I felt scared now. Mr. Wiley was nice, but what would my supervisor be like. And the other boys and girls? I felt a little sick inside. I wished I had eaten some breakfast. It seemed just a few minutes after we landed, and we were driving into the Haines House driveway.

Haines House didn't look so shining and white close up. The paint was peeling off in spots. It did look awfully big though. I felt more scared than ever.

"Here we are!" Mr. Wiley grabbed up the box with my extra dress in it. I was glad he held my hand too. "Welcome to Haines House!"

"Miss Niethammer! We're here!"

"I'm coming!" I heard the sound of running footsteps on the stairs.

"Miss Niethammer, this is Patsy. Patsy, this is Miss Niethammer. She is going to take care of you." I looked up. I was surprised. Miss Niethammer was young, and pretty.

"Hello, Patsy. I'm so glad you got here. Did you have a nice trip? Your

bed's all ready. The girls helped me fix it up for you." Miss Niethammer took my hand and led me up the stairs.

"Come back down to the office as soon as you get settled!" called out Mr. Wiley.

Just as Carol said there was my own bed. I didn't need all the room the girls had left for me in the chest of drawers, and it didn't take me long to put away my extra pair of pants and socks and dress. Then I hurried down to Mr. Wiley's office.

Holding my hand, he took me to meet some of the staff members, the secretary, the cook, and Mrs. Legare, who will take care of me on Miss Niethammer's day off.

"Now, let's go see Mandy!"

"Who's Mandy?" I wanted to know.

"Wait and see!" replied Mr. Wiley. We went over to Mr. Wiley's house, and there at the back door was a big wire cage. In it was a funny, furry animal. Its paws were tiny, like little hands, and it had big white circles around its black eyes. "Mandy is a raccoon from Ohio." Mr. Wiley said. He took it from its cage, and it climbed on his shoulder. "Now, let's go over to see Wilbur." Wilbur was a big white goat. I didn't like him too well though. He didn't smell very nice. Mr. Wiley said Jimmy loved him though. He said that sometimes after Jimmy played with Wilbur, Mrs. Turner made him take a bath because he smelled just like Wilbur!

Then we went into Mr. Wiley's basement, and there in a big glass cage was a big long snake coiled on a branch. "That's a boa constrictor from the Seattle zoo!" I had never seen a real snake before.

"But come over here and see the guinea pigs!"

There were white ones, black ones, brown ones, spotted ones, mamas and daddies and tiny babies. I liked the baby black one best. Mr. Wiley let me hold it. It was so soft and black, and tickled my hand.

Just then I heard children laughing and shouting outside.

"Come on. It's lunch time. We had better hurry, so that you can eat and go to school this afternoon."

Miss Niethammer met me and led me to her table.

"This is Patsy!" she said. Then she told me all the other girls' names. I sat down next to Alice.

"Gee, I'm so glad you're here." Alice said. "I'm eleven years old too, and in the fifth grade. I get to take you to school with me this afternoon." I began to feel better.

Then I saw it in front of Miss Niethammer. A plate piled high with thick slices of bread. White, clean bread, with a golden crust. And I just love bread! I grabbed four slices. At our house, if you didn't grab first you might not get anything.

"Patsy!" Miss Niethammer and Alice both said it at once.

"You can have all the bread you want, but we just take one slice at a time." said Miss Niethammer.

"You forgot to pray!" Whispered Alice.

I hung my head. "I don't know how to pray. I admitted.

Miss Niethammer turned to the others. "Maybe we can all say together one of the prayers we say aloud at breakfast time, and Patsy can just listen this time."

"Lord Jesus be our Holy guest,
Our morning joy, our evening rest,
And with thy daily bread impart,
Thy love and peace to every heart."

That night after we were in our pajamas, Miss Niethammer read us a story.

Then one of the girls read a story from our Bible book.

"Does God really love us like Carol said? How do we know?" I asked.

"Why, because a lot of boys and girls and grownups too who already know are trying to tell you so. Even though they don't know you, they have brought their nickels and dimes to church. That's why Haines House is here. Because they know God loves you, and they want you to know it too. That's how we can buy flour for that bread you liked. And the good roast beef we had for supper. And your clean white sheets. And the oranges which were a special treat."

"Yes, I liked the oranges!"

"Ok, sleepyheads. It's time to pray, and then to bed."

"But I don't know how. What should I say?"

"Well, you could think of all the nice things that have happened to you today. You could thank God for them. That would be a good way to begin, I think."

I sat for a long time after Miss Niethammer kissed me and turned the light out. What would I say? I thought of all the nice things, Haines House, Mr. Wiley taking my hand and showing me the guinea pigs, Alice taking me to school, Miss Niethammer kissing me goodnight, the boys and girls bringing pennies for flour. Then I knew what I wanted to say, "Thank you God for the white, clean bread--one slice at a time. I just love bread!"